"Perhaps thirty echelons in all. A third of them parts of your corps; the rest, single companies, batteries, munitions. A few echelons are under way from other fronts. An armored train. A division of tanks. I don't know exactly where they are. Not all will break through. The railroads are not in our hands."

Krasnov sighed. "What is going on here is contrary to all rules. A single cannon in plain sight of a foe with rifles and machine guns! They could have shot us all like partridges. We may bluff them this way once or twice, but no longer. Everything depends on reinforcements."

Back at the palace, I put through a call to my office in Pskov. The line was dead, but I got front headquarters and asked the telegrapher to call Emma to the teletype. This was my first call to her since I had left the office to go to the garrison meeting in the theater. I did not intend to tell her about the circumstances in which I had left Pskov, but she told me she had been in the theater and knew everything. Now she was in the Commissariat, alone in the huge deserted building. None of my staff had reported for duty. Armed soldiers had come in several times to look for me, but they were not aggressive and did not ransack the office. She had returned the codes, maps, and secret documents to front headquarters.

I was chiefly concerned with Cheremissov's ambiguous attitude and feared that after I left Pskov he would do all he could to stop our echelons. It was necessary to replace him with some other general. I had, of course, no authority for effecting such a change, but I believed that Cheremissov would not violate the rules of the puppet play and would yield to the word of the puppet Supreme Commander. So I asked Emma to get in touch with General Baranovsky and find out whether he would accept the appointment to succeed Cheremissov as the Commander of the Northern Front if Kerensky offered it to him. With Emma's aid, using the wires of headquarters in Pskov, I also tried to re-establish contacts with the railroad stations, echelons, and the military units around Pskov that had agreed to join the expedition. The news was not encouraging. The echelons were advancing very slowly, and some units on which I had relied had fallen back.

By evening, Tsarskoe Selo was occupied by our forces. On November 11 Krasnov had twelve hundreds and squadrons of cavalry, an armored train of four cars, a tank, and a company of infantry. But swarms of Communist agitators had descended on Gatchina and infiltrated into the ranks of the task force. They were asking the Cossacks, "Will you fight your brothers, the soldiers and workers of Petrograd, to bring Kerensky back to the Winter Palace?"

Krasnov asked me to talk with the corps committees. The latter decided, at my suggestion, to publish a declaration outlining the

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